

CHARIVARIA.

MR. JOSEPH BEECHAM, of St. Helens, it is announced, is about to endow a theatre for the production of English opera. It is rumoured that popular prices will be the rule there, and that it will be possible to obtain for a shilling a "box worth a guinea."

"The knighting of an actor," *The Stage* points out, "no longer sets a precedent, but A. W. PINERO is the first serious dramatist to meet with this recognition." There is, we believe, a growing feeling outside the stage that the playwright is almost as important a person as the actor.

Two of the L.C.C. steamboats, which have been purchased by a foreign company, have been steaming down the Mediterranean. By a curious coincidence the Turkish Navy is also undergoing the novel and healthy experience of a cruise on the sea.

The price of beer has now been raised, and this experiment in taxing the food of a large section of the population is being watched carefully by the Tariff Reformers.

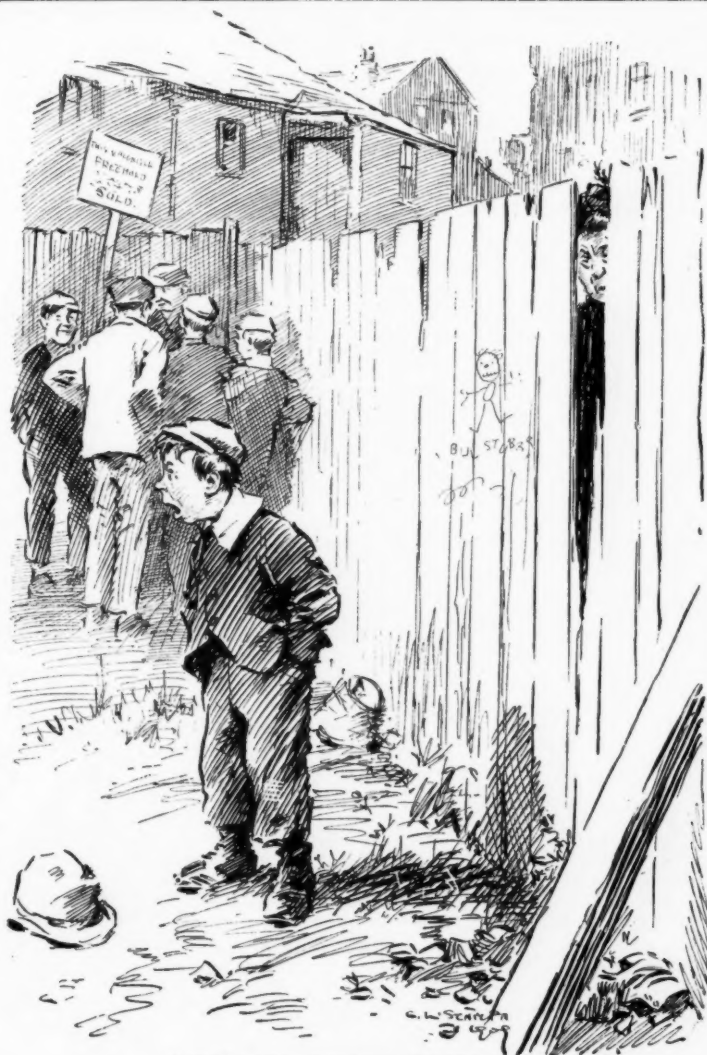
MR. ASQUITH is to address a meeting in the City on the subject of the Budget. Precautions, we understand, will be taken to prevent Lord ROTHSCHILD and Lord AVEBURY from disturbing the gathering disguised as Suffragettes.

"Dramatic art in this country," we are constantly being told, "is going to the dogs." And worse things might happen to it, to judge by the clever quadrupeds who are now appearing at the Palace Theatre.

It is often said that the boys at our public schools are sadly lacking in manners. Some colour is lent to this allegation by the fact that the *Eton College Chronicle* publishes an article on "The Eton Manner." It seems deplorable that the boys of our noblest school should admittedly have only one manner between them.

A man has been charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with the curious offence of clipping off the tails of women's coats. The temptation to the Magistrate to let the fellow off if he would promise to transfer his activities to ladies' hats must have been immense.

"Get a good big cage and put the child in it," suggested the Southwark coroner, last week. "Then if you go out, the child cannot get to the fire." Suspended from a chain in front of a window a cage



"BY ANY OTHER NAME—"

Voice through the Fence. "Is ROSE VI'LET THERE?"

Small Boy (shouting). "YER, CARROTS, YER MUVVER WANTS YER!"

containing a plump baby would make a pleasing change from the hackneyed canary.

Lord LUCAS has admitted in the House that the Territorials are, at the present moment, inferior to an equal number of trained Continental troops, and that it is impossible to say what would happen if an invasion came when our striking force was abroad. No doubt a polite note would be sent to the enemy stating that it was inconvenient to receive him just then, and, if that failed, a really sharp letter would have to be despatched.

A German is to attempt to reach the North Pole in a Zeppelin air-ship, and plant the German flag there. It is a

nice question whether this is altogether desirable. Germany's treatment of the Poles in the past has been open to comment.

He was certainly a very small officer; still it was just as certainly very rude of the young lady to say to him, "And what are you in?" The Miniature Rifle Brigade?"

"N. G. HILL.—(1) Odalisque, a female slave in the harems of the East, especially in that of the Sultan of Turkey. (2) You should apply to the Inland Revenue authorities."—*Manchester Guardian*.

We're afraid it won't be much good, though.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE LAND CLAUSES OF THE BUDGET.

I FOUND him seated in an exquisite Louis Quinze chair, absorbed in contemplation of one of the many masterpieces of art which adorn his spacious chambers.

"And what do you think of the Land Clauses of the Budget Bill?" I asked.

"I thank Heaven," said Prenderby, "that I had the good sense, years ago, to sell my land, and spend the proceeds upon the works of great artists. Happily LLOYD-GEORGE doesn't bear the same resentment to an Old Master as he bears to what is known as real estate. If he did, I should now have the prospect of paying separate and distinct taxes on the canvas of my pictures; on their materials—oil or water colour; on their foregrounds, their backgrounds, their middle distances; on their figures, human or animal; on their frames; on the wall-space they occupy. As it is, they are exempt from all taxation in my lifetime; and meanwhile I could sell them to-day at an enormous profit, especially if I wrote to the papers and appealed to the public's patriotism to prevent their going abroad. And all this unearned increment is due to the efforts of the community."

"But I don't see," said I, "what the community has got to do with it. It is the result of your own cleverness of selection."

"No more, or very little more, than if I had selected a piece of land in a neighbourhood which gave promise of improvement. The intrinsic worth of my pictures remains where it was. It is the taste of the community that gives them their enhanced market-value; just as the taste of the community might, by the erection of a sausage factory in a rustic suburb, enhance the value of my neighbouring land as a site for artisans' villas. Perhaps I needed a shade more intelligence in the case of my pictures, but only a shade."

"Anyhow," I argued, "you have sunk your talents in a napkin; your pictures yield you no interest."

"On the contrary," replied Prenderby, "they yield me a well-secured interest of at least five per cent. in the form of luxury—the pure joy I get from regarding them. And I pay no income-tax on that."

"Still," I said, "your sophistries will never persuade me that land has not got a special claim to taxation. There's something peculiar about land."

"There is, indeed," he said. "For one thing, you can't move it."

"That's my point," I cried triumphantly. "Land is the country itself; and the nation is its only rightful owner. I'm a bit of a Socialist on this subject."

"But it already exercises the rights of ownership," replied Prenderby. "Apart from existing rates and taxes for which this particular class of property is selected, the community reserves to itself the privilege of running railroads and new streets across your land, and chopping it up into allotments. It doesn't do that kind of thing with other forms of property—your furniture, for example. It doesn't give the proletariat the run of your bath, or commandeer your grand piano to serve as panelling for its municipal slaughter-houses."

"Dear Prenderby," I said, with a touch of pity, "I am sorry that a person of your gifts should not yet have been emancipated from the old feudal spirit."

"The old feudal spirit?" Ah, there you touch the Higher Socialism," he replied, in what I carelessly assumed to be his best vein of paradox. "Let the State," he continued, "instead of levying fresh pecuniary burdens on the land, demand feudal service—military service—of every man that holds its soil in fief, and we shall be taking one right step backwards in the direction of national self-respect."

"This is a free country," I said, but not very assertively.

"It is nothing of the sort," snapped Prenderby, "or you, for one, wouldn't be paying taxes on anything."

"I should pay them voluntarily," I said, but without conviction.

A touch of affectionate anxiety betrayed itself in Prenderby's eye. "You have been overworking," he said. "You should see a brain-doctor and take a rest-cure."

"You think," I said, "to distract my attention from the weakness of your arguments by an affectation of solicitude for my health. But I ignore your red herrings. Let us get back to the land."

"We shall be the only people there, if we stay long enough," said Prenderby. "But, to be serious—"

"Do I understand that we have been having humour up to this point?"

"Humour," replied Prenderby, "is like Truth; it takes two for its achievement—one to speak and one to hear."

"Well, try being serious," I said.

"To be serious," resumed Prenderby, "you said just now that there is something peculiar about land, and I agreed with you. For one thing, I said, you can't move it. For another thing it is a form of property which, more than most luxuries, demands the employment of labour. Even a pronounced Free Trader like yourself would be permitted to encourage this form of Home Industry."

"Go on," I said, "don't mind me."

"Well, if you must treat the owner of land as if he were a moral pest, why not make allowance for his redeeming qualities, and let him have a rebate on every labourer he employs?"

"Is that your own idea?" I asked.

"Better than that," said Prenderby. "I got it in conversation with a soldier who thinks."

"A soldier who thinks!" I exclaimed. "What business has he to do that? Why doesn't he stick to his soldiering?"

"Because he has none to stick to," replied Prenderby. "He happens to be one of those keen and distinguished soldiers to whom the War Office is just now giving a rest. This leaves him leisure for thinking out other things."

"I am not sure," said I, "that Mr. HALDANE would approve of your friend's line of thought if it came to his ears. Anyhow, I can't take two of you on single-handed. Perhaps I'd better go off and consult a sailor."

"Try CHARLIE BERESFORD," said Prenderby; "I hear he's at large. And the Admiralty might be glad for him to have a little quiet occupation—something connected with theories about the land, instead of the sea."

O. S.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"Roses I bring, and lay them at thy feet,

But what rose ever bloomed that could compare

With thee, my Queen of Flowers? Thou art more sweet

Than roses, and than lilies even more fair;

Oh, say my gift within that golden heart has stirred

Some answering thrill!" He paused, but she spake never a word.

Falling upon his knees, he sighed again:

"When thou dost speak the very birds are still;

Thy smile is summer sunshine after rain,

And the whole world with happiness doth fill!

Wilt thou not smile on me, Love, and dispel my care?"

Still she was silent, and he groaned in sheer despair.

"Thine every look, a sunbeam from the skies,
Pierces my heart like Phœbus' burning ray!"

But she was smiling into other eyes;

Therefore he rose and cast his book away,

Addressing her in righteously indignant tones:

"This is the third time you have missed your cue, Miss Jones!"



THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET.

BELLICOSE PEER. "MY LORD, THESE PLUNDERING BUDGETEERS DRAW NIGH. IS IT YOUR WISH THAT WE SHOULD UTTERLY ROUT THEM, OR SHALL WE CONTENT OURSELVES WITH CUTTING UP THEIR ADVANCE GUARD?"

GENERAL LANDSOWNE. "WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I REALLY HAVEN'T QUITE MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO HAVE A BATTLE AT ALL."



Customer (trying on mackintosh). "GOOD WEATHER FOR YOU—AND MACKINTOSHES."
Salesman. "YES, SIR. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, TRADE IN GARDEN-HOSE IS ABSOLUTELY AT A STANDSTILL."

SCOTTISH SUPERIORITY.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Have you ever brought your massive intellect to bear on the solution of that eternal riddle—Why do Scotsmen always succeed? I think I have discovered the clue in a question which was put in the House of Commons last week—on Monday the 5th, to be precise:—

"Sir John Jardine asked, as regards the incidence of the increment tax on land feued in superiorities in Scotland, whether the tax would become exigible under the Finance Bill from the date of sale by a vassal or only after the feu had ceased to be full and infeftment had taken place, and whether it would be exigible on an intermediate sale by the purchaser from the vassal and before any infeftment."

People have a stupid way of asking from time to time, "Stands Scotland where she did?" My answer is, "Of course she does, and, if possible, more so," and I think no reasonable person can possibly dissent after this soul-shaking question of Sir JOHN JARDINE'S. In the first place it is the only division of the United Kingdom in which superior vassals exist. But above and beyond all it is in Scotland and in Scotland

alone that infeftment takes place, and I have no hesitation in ascribing the extraordinary talent for success shown by the Scot, as compared with the Englishman, the Irishman, or the Welshman, to his enjoyment of this unique advantage. The Englishman has some great qualities—solidity, doggedness, reserve—but he is never lifted to the higher plane of achievement which results from that magic process. And so with the nimbler Western Gael. You have only to look at the Houses of Parliament to realize the difference. For example, what is it that lends fascination to the discourses of Mr. WEIR on immature fish? Infeftment. What enables Lord PENTLAND to hold the gilded chamber in the hollow of his hand? Infeftment, and nothing else. To define this extraordinary and magnetic quality is no easy task. It is implicit in the "superiorities" of Scotland. But unless and until the Southron contrives to inoculate himself with it he will always fight a losing battle in every walk of life with the unconquerable, because infefted, Scot.

Inflectionally yours,

A WEAKER VASSAL.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Independence Day Celebration statistics have caused a painful sensation throughout the States. It had been hoped that the average would be well maintained, but as a matter of fact the figures show a decided falling off when allowance is made for the increased population of the country. In New York only two persons were killed, six seriously and fifty slightly injured. New York is certainly the second biggest city in the world, and this grudging attitude on the part of her citizens, this disinclination to offer an adequate annual tribute to the Goddess of Liberty, can only be regarded as a sign of decadence and degeneracy.

Without Honour in his own County.

"Blythe, Kent's fast bowler, took his hundredth wicket on Monday."

This from, of all papers, *The Kentish Observer*.

Really Slow Bowling.

"Lubbock was bowled by one that kept low in the last two minutes."—*Daily Mirror*.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER IV.—A FEW WIRES.

A HUNDRED and eighty for none. The umpire waved his lily hand, and the scorer entered one more "four" in his book. Seeing that the ball had gone right through a bicycle which was leaning up against the pavilion, many people (the owner of the bicycle, anyhow) must have felt that the actual signalling of a boundary was unnecessary; but our umpire is a stickler for the etiquette of the game. Once when— But no; on second thoughts, I shan't tell you that story. You would say it was a lie—as indeed it is.

"Rotten," said Archie to me, as we crossed over. (A good captain always confides in his wicket-keeper.)

"Don't take Simpson off," I said. "I like watching him."

"I shall go on again myself soon."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that. Don't lose heart."

The score was two hundred when we met again.

"I once read a book by a lady," I said, "in which the hero started the over with his right hand and finished it with his left. I suppose Simpson couldn't do that?"

"He's a darned rotten bowler, anyway."

"His direction is all right, but his metre is so irregular."

At the end of the next over, "What shall I do?" asked Archie, in despair.

"Put the wicket-keeper on," I said at once.

The idea was quite a new one to him. He considered it for a moment.

"Can you bowl?" he said at last.

"No."

"Then what on earth—"

"Look here; you've tried 'em with people who *can* bowl and they've made two hundred and twenty in an hour and a half; somebody who can't bowl will be a little change for them. That's one reason. The second is that we shall all have a bit of a rest while I'm taking my things off. The third is that I bet Myra a shilling—"

Archie knelt down and began to unbuckle my pads. "I'll 'keep' myself," he said. "Are you fast or slow?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Just as it occurs to me at the moment, I expect."

"Well, you're quite right; you can't be worse than some of us. Will you have a few balls down first?"

"No, thanks; I should like to come as a surprise to them."

"Well, pitch 'em up anyhow."

"I shall probably vary my length—if possible without any alteration of action."

I am now approaching the incredible.

The gentle reader, however (the boisterous reader also for that matter), is requested to touch wood with one hand and to listen very carefully with the other to what follows. When he has heard my explanation he will perhaps understand.

Bowling is entirely a question of when you let go of the ball. If you let go too soon the result is a wide over the batsman's head; if too late, a nasty crack on your own foot. Obviously there are spaces in between. By the law of averages one must let go at the right moment at least once. Why not then at the first ball? And in the case of a person like myself, who has a very high action and a good mouth—I mean who has a very high delivery, such a ball (after a week of Simpsons and Archies) would be almost unplayable.

Very well, then; I did let go at the right moment, but unfortunately I took off from the wrong crease. The umpire's cry of "No-ball" and the shattering of the Quidnunc's wicket occurred simultaneously.

"Good ball," said Archie. "Oh, bad luck!"

I tried to look as though, on the whole, I preferred it that way—as being ultimately more likely to inspire terror in the batsman at my end. Certainly it gave me confidence; made me over-confident, in fact, so that I held on to the next ball much too long, and it started bouncing almost at once.

The Quidnunc, who was convinced by this that he had been merely having a go at the previous ball, shouldered his bat and sneered at it. He was still sneering when it came in very quickly and took the bottom of the leg stump. (Finger spin, chiefly.)

Archie walked up slowly and gazed at me.

"Well?" I said jauntily.

"No, don't speak. I just want to look, and look, and look. It's wonderful. No elastic up the sleeve, or anything."

"This is where it first pitched," said the Major as he examined the ground.

"Did you think of letting in a brass tablet?" I asked shortly.

"He is quite a young man," went on Archie dreamily, "and does not care to speak about his plans for the future. But he is of opinion that—"

"Break, break, break," said Simpson. "Three altogether."

"Look here, is there anybody else who wants to say anything? No? Then I'll go on with my over."

Archie, who had begun to walk back to his place, returned thoughtfully to me.

"I just wanted to say, old chap, that if you're writing home to-night about it you might remember me to your people."

Blair was about the only person who

didn't insult me. This was because he had been fielding long-on; and as soon as the wicket fell he moved round about fifty yards to talk to Miss Fortescue. What people can see in her— Well, directly my next ball was bowled, he started running as hard as he could to square leg, and brought off one of the finest catches I've ever seen.

"The old square-leg trap," said Archie. "But you cut it rather fine, didn't you? I suppose you knew he was a sprinter."

"I didn't cut it at all—I was bowling. Go away."

Yes, I confess it. I did the hat trick. It was a good length half volley, and the batsman, who had watched my first three balls, was palpably nervous. Archie walked round and round me in silence for some time, and then went over to Thomas.

"He's playing tennis with me this evening," he began.

"I played billiards with him last night," said Thomas proudly.

"He's going to let me call him by his Christian name."

"They say he's an awfully good chap when you know him," replied Thomas.

I got another wicket with the last ball of the over, and then we had lunch. Myra was smiling all over her face when we came in, but beyond a "Well bowled, Walter" (which I believe to be BREARLEY'S name) would have nothing to do with me. Instead she seized Archie, and talked long and eagerly to him. And they both laughed a good deal.

"Arkwright," I heard Archie say at the end. "He's sure to be there and would do it like a shot."

Like a wise captain Archie did not put me on after lunch, and Simpson soon began to have the tail in difficulties. Just after the eighth wicket fell a telegram came out. Archie took it, and handed it to me. "From MACLAREN, I expect," he said with a grin.

"You funny ass; I happen to know it's from Dick. I asked him for a wire about the Kent match."

"Oh, did Kent win?" said Archie, looking over my shoulder. As I opened it the others came up, and I read—

"Please be in attendance for next Test Match.—HAWKE."

* * * * *
I got three more that afternoon. One from FRY, one from LEVESON-GOWER, and one from MACLAREN. They all came from Lord's, and I've half a mind to take my telegrams with me and go. Then Myra would probably get six months in the second division.

"I shouldn't mind that," said Myra. "You could easily bowl—I mean bail me out."

A silly joke, I call it.

A. A. M.

SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF ARMY HORSES. THE NEW SUBSTITUTE.



THE NEW COW-GUN—"ACTION FRONT!"



SHOCK TACTICS—CHARGE OF THE BULLOCK BRIGADE.



GREAT DRAW AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT—MUSICAL RIDE OF THE ROYAL COW-GUARDS, TO THE AIR "WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MA'D?"



AS GOOD COVER AS THE HORSE, AND A BETTER RIFLE REST.



AND ON SERVICE THE ACTIVE SOLDIER COULD GENERALLY BE SURE OF A DRINK.

K.C. BOOTH

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.)

Little Arthur. What were you talking about to yourself, Uncle John, when I came in just now?

Uncle John. Singing a bit of a hymn, wasn't I?

L. A. No, Uncle John, I don't think it was a hymn.

U. J. Sort of hymn, I think, wasn't it?

L. A. Well, Uncle, it wasn't like any hymn I've ever heard.

U. J. Wasn't it, old man? But perhaps you don't understand my way of singing 'em.

L. A. I don't think it was that, Uncle John. And, besides, you weren't singing at all.

U. J. That's just it: everybody says that about my singing. It's not having an ear that does it.

L. A. Oh, but, Uncle, I've heard you sing splendidly; and Mamma says you used to sing *Tom Bowling* and *Sally in our Alley* so as to make people cry.

U. J. Ah, well, that was long ago. I've lost the hang of it now. It's the hard life I've had that's driven it out.

L. A. But, Uncle, when you said that to Papa the other day he said it wasn't the hard life but the hard living that had bowled you over. Papa thought that was funny, because he laughed.

U. J. So he did; but then your father and I never quite agreed about jokes.

L. A. No, Uncle; and I don't always agree with Papa about jokes myself.

U. J. The deuce you don't; but you ought to, you know. Must respect your father's jokes, Arty, or things'll happen to you.

L. A. Well, Uncle, if you think so I'll try. But what was it you were talking about when I came in?

U. J. Can't think, old man. What did it sound like?

L. A. Well, you'd got a pencil in your hand, and a bit of paper—there it is—on the table in front of you, and you were saying that Bandersnatch had been forced up far beyond his proper price and he was a wrong 'un anyhow, and if French Mustard got home you'd paint the town red.

U. J. Oh, I said that, did I? Funny thing I should be talking to myself, but I was always the boy for doing sums out loud. Comes easier, you know.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, it does; but it didn't sound like sums. I haven't got Bandersnatch or French Mustard in my arithmetic book.

U. J. Ah, but you ought to have. If a Bandersnatch and a half can eat one pint of French Mustard in a week, how many gallons of beer will a Dutchman drink in a fortnight? That's rule of three.

L. A. Well, it's not like my rule of three; but I'll try to work it out if you like, Uncle.

U. J. I wouldn't worry about it, Arty. It's a regular teaser, and I'm not dead sure I know the answer myself. However, if you'll promise not to let it go any further, I'll tell you a secret. They're horses.

L. A. Who are horses, Uncle?

U. J. Bandersnatch and French Mustard; and very disappointing horses I'm afraid they'll turn out.

L. A. (in a tone of great pain). Oh, Uncle John! Then you were betting!

U. J. No, sonny, not at that precise moment. Just running through my book to see how I stood.

L. A. But does that mean that you do bet sometimes, Uncle?

U. J. An occasional sixpence, old man—never more.

L. A. But why do you do it, Uncle?

U. J. Born so, I expect.

L. A. But may I bet, too, Uncle?

U. J. Certainly not, you young dog. You keep clear of the pencillers or I'll know the reason why.

L. A. I don't know what pencillers are, but Mamma says betting is a great curse.

U. J. And she's dead right.

L. A. But if you think she's dead right, Uncle, you oughtn't to bet yourself, ought you?

U. J. Oh, I don't know. I don't think I could quite make a habit of not betting. Only sixpence, Arty. Hardly counts, you know.

L. A. But Mamma says men always begin with sixpence and—

U. J. End with a monkey. I suppose that's what she said?

L. A. No, Uncle, she didn't say anything about monkeys. She said they ended by losing all they had.

U. J. I always said your mother was the most sensible woman I knew.

L. A. Thank you, Uncle, I'm sure she is. But, Uncle!

U. J. Well, what's up?

L. A. I remember now you're a Vice-President of our branch of the Anti-Betting League.

U. J. What!!!

L. A. Yes, Uncle, Mr. Harding, the Vicar, is the President, and Papa and you and Mr. Mortimer, the Curate, are Vice-Presidents.

U. J. It's a fairy tale.

L. A. No, Uncle, I don't think it is. There's the card on the mantelpiece.

U. J. (taking card and reading it to himself). Yes, there I am, sure enough, "Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars." It's enough to make a cat laugh. Rule 1. "All members of the League pledge themselves—" the dickens they do. I see what it is. Mary put my name down and never told me: a bit steep. Must make the best of it. (To Little Arthur) Yes, there's my name, Arty; you're quite right. I suppose it slipped my memory. But I'm all for it, old man, all for it. I told you I wouldn't have you betting, didn't I?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, and of course you won't bet yourself, will you?

U. J. Couldn't do it even if I wanted to, could I? They'd find me out if I did.

L. A. Does that mean you won't, Uncle?

U. J. I'm a Vice-President, and I shan't forget it. Now toddle off to your music.

"The Daily Chronicle" and "Mr. Punch."

UNDER the heading, "Mr. Punch Nods," our friend, *The Daily Chronicle*, falls foul of the frontispiece to our new volume. "Mr. Punch, like many others," says *The Chronicle*, "has not looked at the Budget Bill or read the debate, or he would have known that gardens such as he shows are exempt from taxation, however valuable the plot may be. So that the notice ought to read: 'This land reserved as an open space by reason of Lloyd George's Budget.'"

Mr. Punch, like many others, has no idea what the last sentence means; but he has a large heart, and will be glad to reserve a wide open space in it for a class deserving of great pity—those, to wit (if any), who are likely to be imposed upon by this statement of *The Chronicle*. For himself, he is content to take Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE at his own words, without the assistance of an interpreter. And Mr. GEORGE has very plainly and cynically told us that all pleasure gardens (one skimpy acre only being exempted) must either be sold for building purposes, as not being at present used "to the best advantage"; or thrown open to the public; or pay an annual penalty of $\frac{1}{4}d.$ in the pound on its capital value.

Mr. Punch does not "nod" to this; on the contrary, he shakes his head at it by way of vigilant protest.



A REMINISCENCE OF HENLEY.

Over-heated Person (who has been working valiantly since lunch). "It's NO GOOD, I ABSOLUTELY CAN'T GET AN INCH FURTHER."
His Wife. "I WOULDN'T TRY, DEAR. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TURNED ROUND AND WENT BACK FOR TEA."

THE DOGS' PAGEANT.

EVERY dog used to have his day, but now that HIS MAJESTY has made our Toby Sir Toby, every dog thinks he ought to have his knight too, and eke his pageant. And why not?

For dogs are not what they were. Dogs have become not only characters in novels, as readers of Mr. GALSWORTHY know, but characters in plays too, as Mr. LAURENCE IRVING is now showing; and only a week or so ago the sum of £5,000 was refused for a Pekin toy spaniel. This being the case, a dogs' pageant is not only right but necessary, and we are glad to be able to announce that the preparations for such a spectacle are now in full swing.

The Dogs' Pageant, under the supervision of Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER, will be held at Battersea during the Dog Days. Among the patrons are Sir H. W. LUCY, Sir E. J. POYNTER, Mr. OTTO BEIT, and Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE.

The first tableau will represent the creation of the dog. According to the old legend, the want of a dog being felt, the other animals were invited to contribute

to his making. Man gave responsibility, woman affection, the lion courage, the deer swiftness, the monkey mischief, and the tree bark. (Help!) Anyhow, the dog emerged, and the world was complete. Tableau I. will illustrate this.

Tableau II. shows the dog as the friend of man. Burglars stealthily approach man's house, and the dog warns him. Man is overcome by the snow, and the dog saves him. Man falls into the water (it is hoped that the Sage of Battersea, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, will undertake this part), and the dog pulls him to land.

Tableau III. illustrates the dog as the ally of man. Man hunts the fox and the dog kills it. Man shoots the partridge and the dog retrieves it. (Song: "Dare to be a spaniel.") Man is molested by rats and the dog catches them. Man would fain eat roast beef, and the dog turns the spit. Man desires a pair of gloves, and the dog dies near a tannery.

Tableau IV. is dangerous, but the Committee hopes for the best. Here we see Sir VICTOR HORSLEY and the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE in conflict over a terrier. The contest is very spirited

and Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER has surpassed himself in the dialogue; but it is recognised that trouble may ensue.

Tableau V. is the most impressive. All the famous characters of history who have had dogs will march past, leading them. NOAH (with two), ALCIBIADES, LEAR, King CHARLES, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, COWPER with Beau, Mrs. BROWNING with Flush, BISMARCK, MATTHEW ARNOLD with Max, Kaiser, and Zeist, Mr. GLADSTONE with Petz the Pomeranian, Mr. HARRY CUST with Buluwayo, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE with Bully-boy, and Mr. BARRIE with his famous St. Bernard.

Tableau VI. and last, very controversial—Votes for Dogs.

The Cult of the Classical.

One of the Russian dancers at the Coliseum is called Monsieur ORLOFF.

"General Sir Ian Hamilton tells the following story against himself with much gusto. He was in Mufti a few months ago and was watching," etc.—*Manchester Evening News*.

Answer to Correspondent: Mufti is a little village quite close to Aldershot.



ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS.

Subaltern. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FELLOWS DOING? THERE HASN'T BEEN A HIT SIGNALLED FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR."

Private. "I THINK WE MUST 'AVE SHOT THE MARKER, SIR!"

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

WE are assured on unimpeachable authority that it is true that a gentleman, whose name is widely known to the public, has intimated his willingness to contribute £10,000,000 towards the rebuilding of our fleet. It will be remembered that, when the announcement was first made, it was accompanied by the statement that certain preliminaries were under discussion. It now transpires that the superb offer of this patriotic and munificent millionaire is attended by only one single condition—viz., that fifty other individuals should each contribute the same sum in the course of the next fortnight.

The announcement that an anonymous benefactor had offered £2,000,000 yearly to provide pay for the rank and file of the Territorial Army seemed almost too good to be true. On inquiry at the War Office, however, it turns out to be per-

fectly accurate. The offer had undoubtedly been made, but certain conditions were attached to it, as, for example, that no Territorial would be eligible unless he were (1) a vegetarian, (2) a Tolstoyan. The War Office authorities declined to divulge the name of the gentleman, but they added that, as a result of careful investigations, they had satisfied themselves that his income was as much as £150 a year.

The name of the heroic philanthropist who proposes to devote £5,000,000 to the erection and endowment of a National School of Dancing is Commodore Gillowson. His princely gift is hedged about by only one stipulation—that the foundation stone is not to be laid until Commodore Gillowson has been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty and Colonel MAPLESON Secretary of State for War.

In spite of all attempts to preserve his anonymity, the name of the splendidly

generous philanthropist who has subscribed £200,000 to provide all the inhabitants of the Grand Sahara with niblicks has become public property. It is, as was generally apprehended, none other than our old friend ANDREW CARNEGIE. No conditions accompany the gift, except the negligible one that the ratepayers of Timbuctoo shall contribute to the upkeep of a Temple of Arbitration, with Free Library attached, on the banks of Lake Tchad.

From an advertisement in *The Scotsman*:—

"Villa & aparts, June, July, part or whole, with, without; onwards, without."

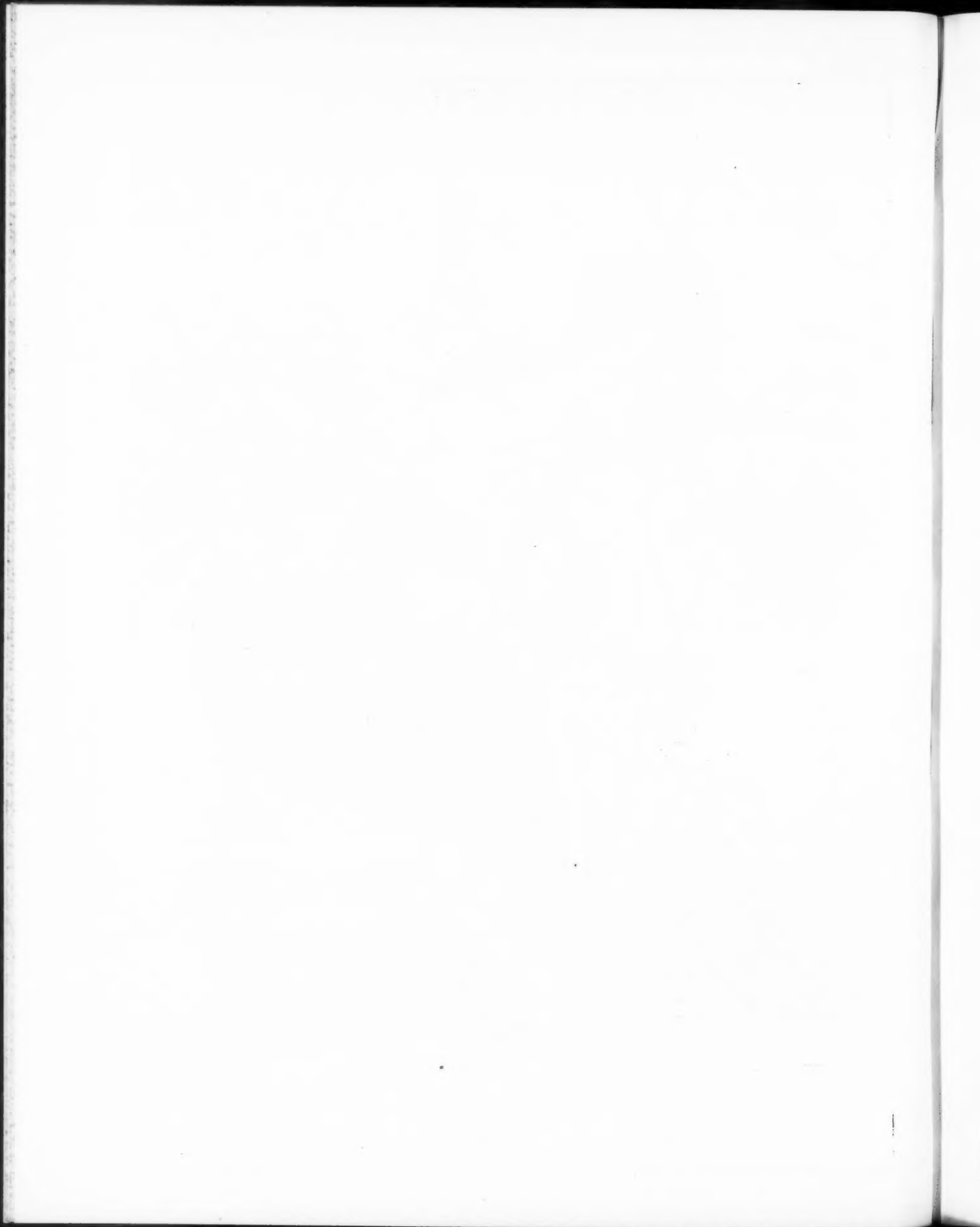
"Onwards, backwards" would have been a much brighter ending.

"Weather forecast for South Wales:—Some showers; mostly rain."—*South Wales Echo*.
Oh, the little more, and how dry it is!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 14, 1909.



BRITANNIA COMES TO TOWN.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 5.

To quit the House of Commons, cross the corridor that parts and joins the two Chambers, and enter the House of Lords, is like passing out of the noisy street into the holy calm of Westminster Abbey. There is this further similarity. In the Abbey only a small proportion of congregation can hear what is said in the pulpit. Proportion in Lords that enjoys like advantage is probably a trifle smaller. But what would you? As in Cathedral, outer rim of congregation feel assured that right thing is being said in proper words. Never mind a lapsed syllable, a sentence murmured into the confidence of the bosom of the noble lord on his legs.

This afternoon House almost bustling. Business lasted full hour less five minutes. EBURY had question on paper relating to operation of Small Holdings Act. Rules governing questions in Lords are peculiar and expansive. Complaint sometimes made in Commons of latitude permitted to supplementary questions. In freer atmosphere of Hereditary Chamber, regular debate may, often does, arise upon ordinary question addressed to Minister, supplemented by unchecked flow of others. EBURY hav-

ing made a speech in extension of printed question, MARLBROOK (returned from the war) followed. With native ingenuousness, hereditary modesty, he posed as one in search of information. Actual impression left on mind was that he was lecturing the PRESIDENT, showing him how much better business of his department might be managed if a younger Peer were placed in charge.

When MARLBROOK sat down there fell a solemn pause. In Cathedral this would have been suggestive of taking up a collection. Designed merely to provide opportunity for any other noble lord whom the spirit might move to give utterance to his



EARL CARRINGTON, K.G.—"HOPS IN BAGS PROPERLY MARKED."

(The noble President of the Board of Agriculture moved the second reading of a Bill prohibiting the importation of foreign hops, except in bags properly marked. July 8.)

thoughts. No one showing disposition to rise, CARRINGTON casually approached Table, laid upon it notes made whilst EBURY and MARLBROOK spoke.

As soon as he had murmured opening sentence of his remarks, a messenger approaching from doorway behind Woollack handed him a note. Leisurely opened it, read its contents, meditated upon them for a moment, noble lords looking on. Would he resume his seat, write an answer, thereafter taking up thread of his speech? No one familiar with House of Lords ways would have been surprised had that course been followed. After moment's hesita-

tion, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE concluded reply would keep; so, scanning his notes, picked up his dropped sentence, completed it, added a few more in conversational tone, and sat down.

Pause. Clerk at Table rose to read next item on agenda. EBURY interposed, whispered a few remarks, probably dealing with state of weather. Another pause. Tall gowned figure of Clerk at end of Table shoots up again like automatic note of exclamation. As by action of invisible lever this brings up a Peer from above Gangway to the right. Note of Exclamation subsides. *A propos de bottles* Peer asks for a return showing something or other. CARRINGTON back at Table; glances towards messenger by Lobby door. Apparently he has not at the moment further private correspondence in charge; PRESIDENT accordingly replies to Peer who wants return.

Selah. LORD CHANCELLOR, having had it out with his wig on the right-hand side, turns to the left also; vigorously remonstrates with its habit of falling off his shoulders and clinging to his face. Note of Exclamation at end of the Table again rises. This time becomes vocal. "Child Murder Trial Bill, third reading," it said.

By this time noble lords too exhausted



"MARLBROOK FOLLOWED."
(The Duke of Marlborough.)



CRUELTY TO A PRIZE BULLDOG.

(Mr. Ellis Griffith and Mr. Swift MacNeill were swept away with abhorrent indignation at "the exhibition at the Royal Society Conversation of a bulldog who wore a leather strap with sharp nails secured round his neck, his feet being immersed in glass jars containing salts in solution," etc. Mr. Gladstone said, "I understand the dog stood for some time in water to which had been added a little common salt. If my hon. friend has ever paddled in the sea he will understand the sensation." (Laughter.)

We make these gentlemen a present of an even more brutal piece of ill-treatment of a noble animal which has recently come to our knowledge (Admiral Sir John Fisher, G.C.B.).

to offer objection. Bill accordingly read a third time.

Then LAMINGTON wants to know all about crisis in Persia and the truth touching Russian advance on Teheran. CREWE, nervously washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, makes reply with maximum of politeness conveying minimum of information. LORD CHANCELLOR, having finally subdued recalcitrant wig, suggests, "That the House do now adjourn."

Which it straightway does.

Business done.—Seventh night of Commons Committee on Budget Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday, 4 A.M.—*Lillibullero!* 'Tis the stroke of day. House just up. Sat continuously for thirteen hours. Twelve devoted to Committee on Budget Bill. With the weary legislators struggling forth to greet the blushing morn comes STANLEY WILSON. Others fight for the few cabs about or, failing opportunity of securing one, button up their coats, hoist their umbrellas, and trudge home through sloppy streets under wet skies. STANLEY, carrying hat in hand, walks bare-headed. Is grateful for the July rain which audi-

bly hisses as it falls on his heated brow.

Has been making a night of it. Whilst experts argued round amendments, he, seated behind Front Opposition Bench, played part of the Greek Chorus. Whenever there was pause in conversation his voice was heard offering more or less relevant observations.

"Why," he once asked, "should we sit here all night whilst the PRIME MINISTER is snugly tucked up in bed?"

Again, sternly regarding LLOYD-GEORGE momentarily resting from rarely intermitted contribution to debate, he remarked, "And there sits the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, speechless through the whole evening."

When the Closure was moved he met it with reiterated cry, "Scand'less! Scand'less!"

CALDWELL, doggedly wakeful in the Chair, accepting Closure, righteous indignation was turned upon him. On the stroke of 3 A.M. STANLEY ordered a new Chairman as, being at supper, he might have asked for a fresh poached egg or another grilled bone.

"Get a new Chairman," he commanded.

As there happened not to be one at hand, Mr. CALDWELL retained his situation. Observing this, STANLEY fell back upon his familiar observation.

"Scand'less! Scand'less!" he cried aloud, smitten to the heart with indignant sorrow that such things should be in the home of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—After all-night sitting, Committee turns to again at Budget Bill. Still engaged on Clause 2.

Thursday.—HENRY COTTON, Knight of the Star of India, rather looked forward to a good week. Scraped up a lot of tittle-tattle designed to show that the men who hold India for the Empire, meanwhile bestowing sedulous care on the welfare of its teeming population, are in their public acts animated by mean-

cowardly motives. Strung hotchpotch together in series of five questions which, subdivided, made aggregate of ten. What a time he would have to be sure, with MACKARNES, RUTHERFORD and ROBERTSON cheering, LUFTON at minute-gun interval contributing an approving snore!

After these things were printed at public expense and circulated with Parliamentary Papers came the grim tragedy at the Imperial Institute. A man who had given all his thought through the best years of his life to the service of the natives of India was struck down by the hand of a sympathiser with the *clientèle* of certain hon. gentlemen below the Gangway. There are some points at which even a Chatterjee is halted. With the unburied body of CURZON WYLLIE lying in the bereaved home, it was perhaps just as well to postpone enquiry into the case of GANESH DAMODAR SAVARKAR, sentenced to transportation for publishing matter which found its logical issue in the murder of a harmless man; and to leave for more convenient season lament on the treatment of ACHYUT BALWANT KOLHATKAR for circulation of seditious utterances. So when the string of questions was reached COTTON made no sign, and they were passed over.

The MEMBER FOR SARK does not con-



THE PRIDE OF HOLDERNESS GIVES TONGUE ONCE TOO OFTEN.

(Mr. Stanley Wilson retires after a merry "burst" and a few home truths from the Chairman of Committees.)



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS. No. 5.

IN PARTS OF WALES THE CORACLE—A KIND OF BASKET-BOAT—IS MUCH USED BY THE NATIVES FOR FISHING. THE IDEA OF ANCHORING IT WITH A BIG STONE SEEMS, HOWEVER, TO HAVE ORIGINATED WITH A VISITING ANGLER. THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT RECOMMENDED TO BEGINNERS.

veal his disappointment at this temporary predominance of discretion over valour. The patience of the House of Commons sometimes seems illimitable. Would have been interesting, might have proved useful, to seize opportunity at this particular crisis to let obscure groups of sedition-mongers in India know what it thinks of their problematically well-meaning but indubitably unwise advocates at Westminster.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF SPEECH.

SCENE—Smoking compartment between a suburb and the City. 9.30 A.M.

First Man (to the man in the corner). Do you mind if I open the window a little?

Second Man. Not in the least.

Third Man. Ah! that's better. It was getting very close.

First Man. Ten passengers all smoking make it rather close, don't they?

Fourth Man (with a commanding eye, who looks at every one as he speaks). Fresh air's a very good thing—if you don't have too much of it. Ha, ha!

[Laughter.]

Third Man. Extraordinary how quickly a current of air becomes a draught.

First Man. Yes, indeed.

Sixth Man. Some people don't mind draughts; and some are so sensitive to them that to be in one is a misery.

[Looks anxiously at the window.]

Fifth Man (on the seat back to the engine). Well, draughts don't hurt me. A current of air's a good thing, I say.

Fourth Man. Yes—if you don't have too much of it. Ha, ha!

[Laughter again.]

Sixth Man. Perhaps as you don't mind a draught you wouldn't object to change places with me?

Fifth Man. Delighted, I'm sure, only riding with my face to the engine always makes me feel sick.

Sixth Man. That's very strange. I thought it was riding back to the engine that had that effect.

Fifth Man. Ah, yes, I believe it is so with ordinary people; but not with me. I'm very peculiar in many ways.

Sixth Man. I wonder if we have had enough fresh air for the moment?

Fourth Man. Enough is as good as a feast, they say. Ha, ha! [Laughter.]

Sixth Man. At any rate I think we might have the window up a little now.

Say three inches. No need to have our heads blown off, is there?

[Feeble laughter from the more kindly passengers.]

Third Man. Well, what I say is, fresh air is the best friend of man. Get all the air you can and you'll live long and die happy.

Fourth Man. Yes, of course; but one mustn't live too long, you know—mustn't be a nuisance to one's friends, and all that. Ha, ha! [Laughter.]

[And so on, to the Terminus.]

From an advt. in *The Halifax (N.S.) Herald*:—

"The interest coupons will be payable half-yearly at par at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, London, G.B., and Boston."

"London, G.B.?"—heavens! that's us!

The Journalistic Touch.

"In one Kentish orchard a single frosty night about a month ago decimated the currants by as much as 80 per cent."—*Daily Mail*.

We had never dared to hope for such a perfect example of it as this. It is too much—we are not worthy of it.

THE OFFICE LARK.

OUR William is a model lad,
And, be it clearly understood,
His ninety-nine per cent. is good,
And only one per cent. is bad.

Discreet and sharp, polite and strong,
He is a perfect office boy,
With one per cent. (v.s.) alloy—
A fatal tendency to song.

To this the Senior Pard demurred.
"Although he is a splendid thing,
I do not care to hear him sing."
Wherein the Head Cashier concurred.

"Speak gently to the youthful Bill,
And tell him, though himself is dear,
His music's not, O Head Cashier."
The Head Cashier replied, "I will."

"Dissuade, or at the most forbid.
His tender feelings do not hurt.
Be neither rude nor harsh nor curt,
But stop him singing, please." He did.

For two long weeks our William led
A tuneless life, his music dumb,
And when he felt he'd like to hum
He chewed a caramel instead.

By some ill-omened circumstance
Our Head Cashier it did befall
To be invited to a Ball
(For even head cashiers must dance).

And there there fell upon his ear
A soul-enchancing melody,
So pleasing that next morning he
Must voice it, William standing near.

And, though he ceased, the sweet refrain
Almost before he had begun,
It was too late. The harm was done,
And William's song is heard again:—

How he would have us all remark
(And to that end he spares no pains)
Though Home is sweet, the fact
remains
He dare not go there in the dark.

"Quickly after starting Trinity showed in front, but it was for a few strokes only, for Clare closed on them at the quarter-mile, led by a quarter of a mile at the half-mile, and were nearly clear at Fawley."—*The Morning Post*.
It seems that Clare's magnificent spurt was too good to last.

"Sharp grieved for the loss of Tyldesley. They are the Jonathan and the Absalom of Lancashire cricket."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

This makes SHARP out to be a contemporary of DAVID (TYLDESLEY's father). He must be quite a veteran; which would account for his selection.

"Rhodes made a few nice hits, and in company with Lilley put on 1."—*Belfast News-Letter*.

Not bad for a Test Match.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"My dunderheaded neighbours," said the Squire, "the whole affair is a confounded nuisance, especially when I've got a touch of the gout; but my position in the county seems to demand that I should take the chair to-night, and introduce our new Candidate to this miscellaneous and not over-intelligent gathering. Naturally you know nothing about Mr. Gawker, who lives quite five hundred miles from here, and I know very little, except that his father made a fortune out of bath-taps and he himself is a member of three sporting clubs and the English Bar. Why he wants to represent us in Parliament I can't, of course, imagine—I suppose it's merely his disinterested love for us. But here he is. Let him explain for himself." And, with a proud and impressive gesture, our Chairman swept the water-bottle from the table and sat down.

(Well, perhaps he didn't say quite that; to tell the truth, the noise outside the place kept me from hearing a word; but fortunately he has a very speaking face.)

Then up rose Mr. Gawker, a tall, pale young man with a single eyeglass. The stewards, rosetted like prize cattle, clapped their hands, and we made a joyful sound of welcome with our umbrellas.

Mr. Gawker felt round the inside of his collar with one finger and began.

"My good asses," said he, "I know you expect me to promise you the moon, so I'll do so at once, and I heartily wish you may get it. But you know as well as I do that when once I'm in the House I shall simply have to obey the Party Whip, like any other Johnny who wants to advance his—I mean, who wants to serve those great and glorious principles that we all have so much at heart. I've sent a cheque to your Cricket Club, and I hope to goodness you'll think it big enough. I know I do. Now about the Budget . . ."

(No, possibly I haven't got him down verbatim; but, with a free fight going on outside to an accompaniment of police whistles, is it surprising if I had to guess at a word here and there?)

For ten minutes Mr. Gawker kept the even tenor of his oratorical way, and I sat in a temperature of 90° Fah. firmly clutching the counterfoil of the pink ticket that entitled me to pass out. Once or twice I said, "No, no," in a gently deprecating fashion; for, when all is said and done, Tariff Reform at least means (I hope) a good twopenny cigar. Then the inevitable happened. A shrill voice rose, vibrant and desperate, to the glass dome overhead (we were in the Corn Exchange), and fell amongst the startled audience.

"Will you give women the Vote?"

Mr. Gawker, with an air of pained surprise, turned rather limply to the Chairman.

"Put her out!" shouted the Squire angrily (I knew the gout had got him), and the rosetted ones rallied to the onslaught. Out she went, an unwept martyr.

"Statistics," thought I, as our speaker began ticking off the fingers of one hand with the forefinger of the other. And then a lady sitting behind me whispered in my ear.

"I quite agree," I replied; and a steward watched us with latent ferocity, ready to pounce. Despite the risk I rose—I couldn't refuse so obvious a duty—and, leaning gracefully on my umbrella, extended my right hand upwards and outwards.

"Will you give—" I began.

Of course I knew the words were ill-chosen as soon as they escaped my lips. But, all the same, I'll never, never forgive the Squire or play croquet with his daughters again.

Whirlwind and earthquake followed, and a chaos of black-garbed limbs, red faces, and tri-coloured ribbon, while the floor rose and fell. I killed three stewards in the hall and two on the step. Then I found myself outside the Corn Exchange, sternly grasping a tattered handful of rosette, while the pale moon, that has witnessed so many follies, looked down sadly on man and his fevered violence.

"If you had allowed me to finish my sentence," I said coldly to one of the stewards who survived, "I was going to say, 'Will you give orders, Mr. Chairman, to have a window opened?' I only wanted fresh air, you joskin."

"Well, and now you've got it," said Perkins crossly, looking for his collar. Perkins is an ironmonger, and I resolved at once to transfer my custom to his rival. Last year I bought a small file from him, but "never again," thought I.

And then an awful thing happened. Three Suffragettes surrounded me, patting me, admiring me. "Well done, well done!" they cried. And the moon went behind a cloud.

To suffer martyrdom for a cause one contemns is bad enough. To be congratulated upon it is a sorrow's crown of sorrow.

"Ladies," I said, "I have been misunderstood. Never would I assail the glorious right for which our forefathers bled, the ancient sacred, inalienable British right of Free Speech—for People on Platforms. What you witnessed was the result of a misapprehension on the part of my friend Mr. Perkins, to whom, however, I bear no malice." And I turned to shake him by the hand.

But Perkins had gone into the hall again to guard our ancient liberties.



Scottish Cabby (explaining historic landmarks of Edinburgh to American tourist). "Yon's the house o' John Knox."

Tourist. "Wai, who was this John Knox, anyway?"

Cabby (shocked). "Mon! Do ye no read yer Bible?"

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT.

[Fashion experts predict the impending doom of the Directoire Mode and the revival of ampler garments, with the "tempestuous petticoat."]

Gossamer petticoats, frothy frivolities,
Thrilling with pleasure we greet you again;
Long have we missed your ebullient qualities
While at the top of the cupboard you've lain;
Ruches and rucks,
Gathers and tucks,
Dear to our ankles your sorcery still is;
Extra large feet
Shrink and look neat
Framed by your fluttering tumult of frillies.
Sisters, have done with the cult of the sinuous,
Struggle no more to be straight up and down,
Aim not at figures austere and continuous,
Curveless in profile from slipper to crown.
Paris declines
Skinny designs,
Skin-fitting toilettes, in weight a few ounces,
Granting instead
Garments that spread
Fringed by a flutter of filigree flouncies.

MOTTO FOR A PARVENU.—Snoblesse oblige.

P. O. POLITENESS.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S order to Post Office servants, pointing out the advantages of "courtesy, good humour, and an obliging disposition," should have been accompanied by hints for the use of beginners in the art of politeness. Thus:—

PLEASE (pronounced *plēz*).—This word is an abbreviation of "If you please." It is generally placed at the beginning or the end of a request, distinguishing it from a command.

THANK YOU (colloquially pronounced *'kū*).—Post Office officials may have noticed that this is the expression used by the stamp-buyer on receiving his stamps, and with a little diligence they will soon get into the way of saying "Thank you" when the money for the stamps is given to them.

A SMILE.—This is a most valuable accomplishment, by which the trouble and difficulty of saying polite things can frequently be dispensed with. A customer would often, indeed, prefer a smile to speech. It is produced in the following manner: let the lips rest lightly and naturally together, gently contract the facial muscles in a manner that lengthens the mouth. If possible, allow the corners of the mouth to curve upwards, and do not resist the tendency of the lower eyelids to close towards the upper. If the teeth are pearly, the lips may be slightly opened.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STORIES of village life are rather like the little girl in the celebrated poem—when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. Fortunately, however, *A Little Green World* (HUTCHINSON) seems to me to be very good indeed. J. E. BUCKROSE is, I observe, the author of various other books, which have escaped me, but which have evidently been greatly to the liking of several critics. So far as the present volume is concerned, I make haste to add my own voice to the chorus of praise. Hardly since the days of Miss MITFORD or Mrs. GASKELL has the comedy of an English countryside been treated with such entire success. J. E. BUCKROSE writes of it with a delicacy and a gift of sympathetic laughter which, if those reviewers are right who prefix a "Mr." to the name, is oddly feminine. Of story there is little—just a group of very ordinary people, some engagements, a general shake-up, and a fresh pairing. It is the treatment of rural character that gives the book its charm.

One recalls with especial gratitude the vicarage family, always on their beam ends, and always imperturbably cheerful about it. In short, *A Little Green World* does convey an actual impression of greenness and the feel of the genuine country. It is above all things a book for summer reading in the open air, and a copy of it should be included by every well-appointed household in the list of what the advertisements call "Garden Requisites for the Season."

The Perjuror (CONSTABLE) is rather a melodramatic book about not very attractive people. The women don't actually command the men to unhand them, but that is the sort of atmosphere which hangs over the dialogue. The hero, *Lord Lavernock*, is the most unpleasant bounder who has appeared in fiction recently, but for some reason Mr. W. E. NORRIS and all the other characters are reluctant to acknowledge this. "*Julyan*" (for instance) "knew *Lavernock* very well, had a species of liking for him, and did not deny him certain merits." Well, he must have known him very well to have discovered the merits. Anyhow, *Lavernock's* suicide on p. 201 was most welcome, even though it was the beginning of the misunderstandings. The fact was that *Forester* and *Julyan* had each promised *Helen Monk* that he would not gamble any more with *Lavernock* (her cousin), and so when the latter killed himself as the result of losing heavily at *carté* to *Forester*, *Julyan*, knowing that *Forester* had been provisionally accepted by *Helen*, took the blame on himself, although (or rather because) he too loved *Helen*. At the inquest he perjured himself valiantly. *Helen*, of course, was freezingly polite to him afterwards and full of admiration for *Forester*. The truth came out in the end, but not until *Julyan* had been stabbed by *Lavernock's* actress wife. The story is extremely well put together, and would seem quite natural and probable if the dialogue had been less formal. It is this formality

of conversation, too, which makes the characters seem so unreal.

The Bronze Bell (GRANT RICHARDS) is a story of destiny and intrigue, of Rajputs and Babus, of mystery and adventure, which tells how a member of the Indian Secret Service, of the true KIPLING brand, with the help of a young American called *Amber*, nipped in the bud a projected native rising which would have easily eclipsed the horrors of the Mutiny in '57. My salaams to Mr. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. I have followed with deep interest every step of young *Amber's* perilous path, as he is led by the finger of Fate through the ghastly Gateway of Swords to save India for the English and the girl he loved for himself. It is one long succession of first-class thrills. Only why does Mr. VANCE make the *Bronze Bell* speak—in purest Sanskrit—at the supreme moment? That seems to me an unnecessary departure from the *vraisemblance* of his story, which in every other respect is as real as it is ingenious. However, it is a very slight blemish, which will be readily forgiven him by his readers in this country and in India, because he has made his

American hero a thorough Englishman.

I confess that in *The Condition of England* (METHUEN) Mr. MASTERMAN rather bores me. From his natural altitude he surveys the kingdom in mass and in detail and behold it is very bad. Whether the point under discussion be the spirit of the people, the Englishman abroad, at home, in town or in suburbs, at work upon science or literature, nothing satisfies the master mind of the author. What is

additionally provoking is a habit of setting forth commonplace of criticism in glittering phrases that to the unwary suggest novelty. As was said about a dear departed friend who dyed his hair, England is really not so black as Mr. MASTERMAN paints her. An exceptionally interesting and informing chapter is the one whose scope he disguises, with characteristic effort to find an arresting word, beneath the title "Prisoners." It deals with the home and workshop condition of men, women and children labouring under the Factory Acts. Here Mr. MASTERMAN's Ministerial position has afforded him opportunity of studying official documents. He uses it so well as to make me the more regret the others he has lost.

Hurling the Hurler.

"The Greek sport of discobolus throwing, which has become so popular now, was also one of the features of the day, and was won by Sakelariades with a throw of 82ft."—*Paris Daily Mail*. This event, however, will never be really popular with the discobolus himself.

"From the public point of view it is a pity that he became a member of the Upper House while still in the full vigour of his mental powers."—*The Sketch*.

Still, after all, they must have one or two like that.



Fond Mother (calling attention to the total on each telegraph board). "Oh, CLARENCE, LOOK HOW CLOSE THE TWO SIDES ARE KEEPING TO EACH OTHER!"